LADY's

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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MEMOIR OF THE HON. MRS. DAMER.

If females in the higher circles, after the example of our beloved Princesses, and that of the subject of our memoir. would attach themselves to the study of the fine arts, it would not only prove to them a source of refined pleasure, and dissipate many moments of lassitude and ennui, but tend greatly to the encouragement of professional talent.

Desirous of introducing to our fair readers every female who has acquired celebrity by the pencil, the clusel, or the graver, we hasten to lay before them the following brief history of a lady, who has rendered herself illustrious as an amateur in sculpture.

The Hon. Anne Conway, now Mrs. Damer, was the daughter of the late field-marshal the Right Hon. Henry Seymour Conway, the particular friend of Horatio, last Lord Orford; she was married to the late Hon. John Damer, eldest son of the Earl of Dorchester, (then Lord Milton) at Park Place, Henley, on the 14th of June, 1767. The melancholy and premature death of her beloved consort, nine years after, left her a widow, in which state she has ever since remained.

This lady for many years has employed her leisure on the art of sculpture. Some time since she presented the corpo-

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ration of Henley upon Thames with a fine head of a river-god, as a key stone to the new bridge; but her talents have been devoted to subjects of greater magnitude and importance; as the statue of his Majesty George the Third, and the bust of Lord Viscount Nelson, the immortal hero of Trafalgar (which she presented to the City) bear ample testimony.

The late Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, at his death bequeathed to Mrs. Damer his beautiful villa at Strawberry Hill, near Twickenham, with a legacy of 2,000 l. to keep it in repair, upon condition that she made it her place of residence, and did not dispose of it to any person, except to the Countess Dowager of Waldegrave, on whom and her heirs it is entailed.

THE CHILD OF SUSPICION.

Concluded from our last Volume, page 272.

" I WAS," said the minstrel, " the son of a noble house, more famed for hereditary honours than extensive possessions, and at an early age chose the profession of arms. I quitted the bosom of my family, contrary to the wishes of a fond mother; but my father, whose pride was perhaps as strong as his affection, applauded my choice, and encouraged me, with holding out delusive prospects of future glory. I should perhaps have remained satisfied with my destination, had not a passion more powerful than ambition obtained admission into my breast. In the neighbourhood resided a female, young, lovely, and amiable: we knew only to love each other, but she was an orphan, and dependant upon a brother, who was as mercenary as despotic. My parents, whose mistaken partiality induced them to consider me in every way her superior, positively forbade my pursuit of the gentle Adelaide; while her brother, finding it was not likely that any essential advantage was to be derived from the union, seconded their views

by the most rigorous measures. Perhaps this injudicious severity served to increase our ardour; we contrived to meet clandestinely, and, after a thousand scruples on the part of Adelaide, I persuaded her to agree to a private marriage. This imprudent step once taken, we flattered ourselves with the hope that our friends would not remain inflexible; but in that hope we were cruelly deceived. The brother of Adelaide, highly incensed at being thus counteracted in his views, turned his offending sister from his house, and her only alternative was to follow my precarious fortunes. For a time the smiles of love seemed to afford us ample compensation for all other disadvantages and privations; but the strength and spirits of my Adelaide suffered under the hardships she was necessitated to share, and the regiment to which I belonged being ordered abroad, I persuaded her to remain in England. It was with extreme reluctance she complied; a sad presentiment seemed to weigh on her spirits, and her last farewell expressed a conviction that we should meet no more. Need I observe to you, Sir Herbert, that the temptations to pleasure and dissipation in a military life are great, and, without a certain degree of experience and resolution, almost unavoidable. Though I had sufficient affection for my wife to avoid licentious pursuits, I was not so wholly proof against the seduction of example as to avoid falling into extravagancies which rendered my remittances to Adelaide both scanty and precarious. Still she remonstrated not, and I pursued my thoughtless career, without reflecting that she was perhaps suffering all the horrors of indigence; till, ashamed to acknowledge my folly and remissness, I suffered several of her letters to remain unanswered. At length I received one which roused me to a sense of my injustice and inhumanity: it was from a person who, interested in the fate of my Adelaide, had afforded her support and assistance during my absence. This letter overwhelmed me with shame and anguish: it informed me that my wife, agonized by my neglect, and on the point of becoming a mother, had come to the desperate resolution of throwing herself upon her brother's mercy. 'It was in vain,'

said her friend, 'I attempted to dissuade her from a measure which I considered hopeless, and represented to her the numerous chances which might have occurred to interrupt your correspondence, and assured her of a welcome asylum with To these representations she would reply, 'I am already under oppressive obligations, the weight of which lie heavy on my heart. Deserted by the object of my tenderest regard, I have no wish for, no hope of happiness. I feel I shall not want much for myself, but my helpless babe, for it I deem it my duty to seek a protector. My brother, however incensed against me, has a generous and feeling heart; he will not shut his door against a sister he once so tenderly loved; he will not condemn a helpless innocent for the transgressions of its parents: at least, I will make this last appeal to his feelings, if I perish in the attempt.' Firm in this determination, Adelaide set out on her intended journey, too scantily supplied, I fear, for the occasion, for, from the hour of her departure, I have obtained no tidings of her fate. I have written to her, but received no answer, and a dreadful apprehension has seized me that she never put her purposed plan into execution, for I am satisfied that had she been received into her brother's house, I should have heard from her.'

"How can I describe the sensations of self-reproach which I experienced on the perusal of this dreadful information! It was out of my power to return to England, but I immediately wrote to the brother of my Adelaide, who, in reply, assured me that he had never seen nor heard of his disobedient sister since she first quitted his protection." "Good God!" exclaimed Sir Herbert, starting up, "this coincidence of circumstances is astonishing: you must be the husband of my sister?" "I am indeed that unfortunate, guilty wretch," replied the minstrel, nor will your surprise be diminished when my recital is concluded. From some particulars which I have gathered since my residence at the Hall, I think it not improbable that our regretted Walter is the child of Adelaide." "Of Adelaide!" repeated Sir Herbert, in amazement; "that would indeed be a blissful discovery; but what can induce

you to form such an extravagant surmise?"--" Some casual observations which I have made respecting the age, and circuinstances which introduced the youth to your protection; but if you, Sir Herbert, will interrogate your aged domestic Humphrey, he can give you satisfactory information, and will perhaps be less reserved upon the subject than he is to others." "It shall be done?" exclaimed the baronet, exultingly; "but I am now curious to learn your motives for this disguise, and why you have not presented yourself at the Abbey, where your presence would undoubtedly occasion great revolutions. " Alas!" returned Osborne, sighing, " why should I seek aggrandizement now, which it is not in my power to enjoy. The sad fate of my Adelaide has clouded all my prospects. I am unworthy of prosperity; and if my hope of finding my son in the amiable Walter is frustrated, it is my resolution to pass the remnant of my days in obscurity."-" That must not be," interrupted Sir Herbert; "Lord Lutterell has no heir; why then should the ample possessions of your ancestors be suffered to decay, or fall into the hands of strangers : know you not that an alliance is in contemplation between your cousin and a foreigner named Moresco?"---" If her heart is not interested in the event," returned Osborne, " my interference shall check his villanous career: I know Moresco."--" As to the heart of Monimia," observed Sir Herbert, "I believe it is secretly and fervently devoted to the lost Walter."--"Then," cried Osborne, exultingly, "all may be as we wish; but I will now proceed to inform you of all the particulars you desire to know.

"I no sooner received the afflicting intelligence concerning my Adelaide with which I have already acquainted you, than I became careless of my existence, and rashly plunged into the greatest scenes of danger. The fate I sought was denied me: I received a deep and dangerons wound, which effectually disabled me from further service, and was sent back to England, with several of my equally unfortunate companions. On our passage we fell into the hands of the enemy, and, instead of being permitted to revisit our native land, were consigned to

a tedious imprisonment. My own misfortunes affected me less than those of my fellow sufferers, whose hopes were so cruelly destroyed; yet I was not entirely free from a desire of obtaining my liberty. My patience and uncomplaining docility obtained for me the good-will of my gaoler, who at length permitted me to escape. Furnished by him with this disguise, I succeeded in gaining the nearest port, and secured a passage home. We reached England in safety, but, as I had been so many years absent, I was desirous of learning the exact state of family affairs, before I ventured to appear in my real character; and accordingly commenced my journey on foot, unknown and unbefriended. On enquiry, I found that my parents had been some time numbered with the dead, and that my uncle had assumed the title of Lord Lutterell, in the supposition that I was no more. Not doubting his justice or generosity, should I make good my claim, I yet felt anxious first to ascertain whether or not you had deceived me respecting my beloved Adelaide, and for this purpose obtained admission into your mansion as a minstrel. The first moment I beheld Walter I conceived for him a degree of attachment which I could scarcely account for, and, in consequence, my curiosity was strongly excited to learn every particular concerning him. Every circumstance related by the good Humphrey confirmed me in the opinion that the unfortunate creature who perished under your roof was no other than Adelaide."--" It is indeed probable," said the baronet, thoughtfully; " but, if I recollect right, there were some articles left, which might serve to confirm or to destroy our hopes."

Sir Herbert then gave orders for Humphrey to attend him, and, upon questioning the old man concerning those trifling memorials, he learnt that they had long been in the possession of Lady Mortimer. Surprised at this circumstance, and at her having never mentioned it to him, he made no secret of his astonishment, and was preparing to summon her into his presence, when Osborne again addressed him: "I am fearful, Sir Herbert, that the most unpleasant part of this affair remains yet to be investigated. One of the articles to

which Humphrey alludes was a miniature resemblance of myself; the features were no doubt well known to your lady, and this will sufficiently account for her keeping it from your sight." "I am at a loss to comprehend this affair," observed Sir Herbert thoughtfully; "how could your features be known to my wife?" "I must, I see, explain myself more fully than it was my wish or intention to have done," returned Osborne; "know then, Sir Herbert, that when I was on the continent, chance introduced me to Miss Lupino, who not knowing that my heart and hand were devoted to another, honoured me with a distinguished preference, which she did not attempt to conceal: I most explicitly informed her of my real situation, and acknowledged my marriage with your sis-This information, however, did not appear to effect any change in the lady's sentiments, and my disgust at her licentious principles, was expressed so unguardedly, as to excite her most violent indignation. To obtain revenge, she encouraged the addresses of Moresco, an artful Italian, whose character was of the most doubtful kind, and I narrowly escaped from a snare laid between them for my destruction.--You are struck with horror, Sir Herbert, and it is with concern I make a disclosure, which must prove so agonizing to your feelings; but that I assert nothing more than fact, you may immediately ascertain, if you choose me to appear before Lady Mortimer, divested of this disguise." "What iniquitous transactions!" exclaimed Sir Herbert; "who knows, but to her malignant influence, may be ascribed the mysterious disappearance of Walter: but tortures shall wring the confession from her." With this hasty resolution, he dispatched a messenger to inform Lady Mortimer, that he wished to see her instantly. Upon entering the saloon, where Osborne, divested of his long beard and minstrel's garb, stood waiting her approach, she gave a start of surprise, and fixing her eyes on him, with manifest tokens of dismay, remained several moments as if struck mo-"The appearance of this gentleman seems to disconcert you strangely, madam!" observed the baronet sarcastically; "you are, perhaps, better acquainted than I imagined."

Lady Mortimer appeared at a loss for a reply: at length summoning up all her assurance, she answered; "The features of the person now before me, do indeed remind me of one long since dead; such resemblances frequently occur, and if I testified momentary surprise, I know not why it should, sir, excite your resentment." "You are not quite so ignorant as you pretend," returned Sir Herbert; " in fact, madam, this is the person whom you, as well as others, imagined could never appear in judgment against you; in him you behold the heir of Lutterell." Lady Mortimer turned pale, a convulsive motion agitated her lips, and sinking into a chair, she faintly articulated, "I am undone." Sir Herbert grasped her arm-you are right in supposing that I have learnt particulars, which must eventually disgrace you; I have, therefore, only to hint, that nothing but the most sincere contrition, and unequivocal acknowledgment of your misconduct, can preserve you from the effects of my just indignation and abhorrence. "On one condition only, will I consent to screen your infamy." " Name it, Sir Herbert," the lady faultered out. me, what has been the fate of Walter: by your connivance, I am persuaded, he has been removed, and if, as I suspect, his life has been attempted, you, and the vile Moresco, shall be delivered up to justice." At this threat, the terrified Lady Mortimer fell on her knees; "I have deserved your suspicion, Sir Herbert," she exclaimed, " but guilty as I have been, Walter's blood has not been shed to my knowledge." "Where then is he concealed?" asked the baronet sternly. " Moresco has secured the person of his rival, but he pledged his word, that no violence should be attempted." "Enough," cried Sir Herbert; " if you have deceived me, dread my vengeance: until the fact is ascertained, a close imprisonment must be your fate." He then conducted her to her apartment, and after taking every precaution to effect her secure confinement, he returned to Osborne, to consult with him concerning the best means of recovering Walter. "Open force alone can effect our purpose," said Osborne; " Moresco commands a strong body of desperate fellows, whose depredations have

fong been the terror of the country; they lurk in the subterraneous passages beneath the castle, and the entrance is by means of a recess, which to elude suspicion, has the appearance of a hermitage." "I remember the place," replied Sir Herbert; "I will summon all my vassals, arm them well, and attack the castle by surprise; do you hasten to town, and bring a party of the police to reinforce my little army." This being agreed on, Osborne departed with all possible expedition.

Meanwhile the pretended count, impatient to secure the prize, which he feared by some untoward discovery might be wrested from him, urged his suit with ardour, and made such tempting proposals, as induced Lord Lutterell to give his word that Monimia should become his bride on a certain day, named by Moresco. Monimia endeavoured to avert the sacrifice by tears and entreaties, but on that head, Lord Lutterell was inexorable, and Monimia gave herself up to hopeless anguish. The day approached but too rapidly, and every preparation was made for the splendid celebration of those nuptials which were to devote the hapless victim to endless misery. On the morning appointed, Lord Lutterell impatiently summoned his daughter to attend him: she tremblingly obeyed: but determined not to be moved by an appearanne of reluctance, which he deemed childish, and unjustifiable, he assumed a sternness of demeanour foreign to his heart. first act of obedience I have required from you, Monimia, and it gives me pain to perceive that you so reluctantly obey a father who has ever been indulgent and affectionate to you." " I know it, my father, I acknowledge that your tenderness to me has been unlimited, and except in this instance. . . . " "Nonsense," cried Lord Lutterell, interrupting his weeping daughter; "this is the common cant of perverse children; you, Monimia, should be above such caprices; I am anxious to secure you the possession of wealth, rank, and independence, by an union with a man formed by nature to captivate your sex, and one who could not fail to obtain your preference, had not a romantic attachment blinded your judgment, and

incited you to disobedience: but learn, foolish girl, that my possession of hereditary wealth and title, is but precarious: intelligence has reached me, that my brother's son yet lives; if this report be correct, our certain ruin must ensue; and by your marriage with the count alone, can I hope to see you placed beyond the reach of that unlooked-for change of fortune. To see you in a state of affluence and security, will mitigate the pangs of disappointment; for your sake alone, are wealth and rank of consequence to me: but no more of this, were it otherwise, my word is given to the count, who now impatiently awaits us in the chapel." Monimia was too much overpowered by contending emotions, to make the reply her heart dictated; she passively suffered her father to lead her forward. At the foot of the great staircase, they were met by Moresco, magnificently habited, who, with exultation in his looks, caught the fair hand of the almost senseless Monimia, and pressing it fervently to his lips, hurried her towards the chapel. The chaplain was punctual in attendance, he opened his book, and the awful ceremony commenced. Monimia for some time effectually struggled against the faint sickness which oppressed her, till at length her exhausted spirits were inadequate to the effort; and as soon as the fatal ring was placed on her finger, she uttered a piercing shriek, and sunk senseless into the arms of her terrified father. Moresco looked more displeased than concerned; but his attention was soon diverted from his fainting bride, by the arrival of a courier, breathless with haste, who eagerly demanded to see the Count Moresco. "Hasten, my lord," he cried eagerly, as soon as the count appeared, " or you will be too late to defend your possessions; an armed force, headed by officers of justice, have attacked the castle; they have already liberated the young man lately brought thither, and traitor-like, he is now betraying all our baunts: our people, disconcerted by your absence, are upon the point of surrendering: nothing but your immediate appearance, can inspirit them to make a vigorous defence. I have with difficulty escaped to give you this information." Fearful of betraying the villanous confederacy in which he was engaged, Moresco would not request the assistance of Lord Lutterell; but enjoining his follower to secrecy, he made a pretence of urgent business, mounted his horse, and rode away at full speed, leaving the inmates of the abbey in extreme surprise at the wildness of his gestures, and his abrupt departure.

Moresco no sooner arrived within view of the castle, than he halted panic struck; for advancing towards him, in triumph, he beheld Sir Herbert, Walter, and a stranger of martial appearance: the former immediately rode forward: "Surrender instantly, Moresco," he cried, "as you hope for mercy." " Not to you," returned Moresco, indignantly; " while I wear a sword, I know how to defend my life and property, as well as to chastise presumption." Encouraged by this boldness, his attendants made a show of resistance. "Must I then stain my sword with the blood of such a vile miscreant?" exclaimed Walter, advancing to attack him. "That is as fate may decree," retorted Moresco: " should you succeed, proud boy, think not to reap the hoped-for fruit of your achievement; the fair Monimia, lost to you for ever, will scarcely deign to bless the murderer of her husband." " Her husband!" exclaimed Walter, retreating with horror and astonishment. "I tell you truth," retorted Moresco, with a malignant laugh; "but I do not wish to daunt your courage, boy." Saying this, he spurred his horse forward, and before Walter was prepared to defend himself, would have plunged his sword into his breast, had not Osborne, perceiving the danger of the youth, opposed his skilful arm, and with one stroke shivered Moresco's weapon, and brought him to the ground. A scene of uproar and confusion ensued; the attendants seeing their leader fall, sought their own safety in flight, but were pursued and taken; while Moresco, finding himself deserted, and overpowered, begged for mercy: he was soon secured by the officers of the police; when Sir Herbert, and his party, consigning the miscreants to the punishment which awaited them, and undesirous of further revenge, rode onward to the abbey. Lord Lutterell, anxiously waiting the return of Moresco, was looking out, and perceived the party who approached, with equal alarm and

He cordially welcomed Sir Herbert and Walastonishment. ter; but his heart sunk within him when Osborne, alighting from his horse, saluted him as his uncle, and offered to embrace him. "It is then true!" ejaculated Lord Lutterell; "but where is Moresco? Osborne, I recognize your features; think not I would defraud you of your right; but pardon my strange reception; this is a day of most eventful occurrences." The party being readily admitted into the abbey, Sir Herbert briefly recapitulated the preceding events, and unfolded to the astonished Lord Lutterell, the full extent of Moresco's villany. "Alas!" exclaimed Lord Lutterell; "duped wretch that I was, this is the punishment of ambition; my sweet Monimia has been sacrificed to a vile marauder, who this morning made her his bride." "Do not despond," said Osborne, to the drooping Walter; " since the marriage is so recent, it may soon be hushed up. Moresco must pay the forfeit of his crimes upon the scaffold; and the house of Lutterell shall flourish again. Behold, sir, I present to you a son worthy the love, which even in humble obscurity. he obtained. Walter, Sir Herbert's adopted child, is Lutterell's rightful heir; in him, and your fair daughter, let us unite each jarring interest, and in their happiness cement our own." "You surprise and delight me," exclaimed the gratified father of Monimia; "but let my child be summoned, this will be to her a day of joy indeed." Pale, and dejected, Monimia obeyed the mandate, and descended to the saloon, where the unexpected party were assembled; her eyes instantly selected Walter from the group, and the sudden sensation of joy it occasioned, instantly banished every painful recollection. Heedless of every observer, she rushed into his extended arms. "Walter!" "my Monimia!" was reciprocally uttered; but instantaneously memory brought back the events of the morning; and shrinking from the embrace of her delighted lover, she cried fearfully, "Oh, Walter! we meet too late; I am wedded to another." "I know it all, dearest Monimia;" exclaimed he, gazing tenderly on her pale face, now bathed in tears; " but that detested marriage will soon be annulled, and my Monimia be at liberty to bless him, who has too long been

deemed the unworthy object of her choice." "It is true indeed," said her father; " in Walter, you no longer behold the friendless orphan, the child of suspicion; but the rightful heir of these domains, and the acknowledged son of Lord Lutterell." He then led her to his nephew, who affectionately embraced her; and joining her hand with that of Walter, said, " May heaven smile propitious on your union, my children! in depriving your father of these privileges which he has recently enjoyed. I act not under the influence of ambition, avarice. or revenge: to promote your felicity, and that of my son, so happily discovered, and restored to my arms, is my only wish." Mutual explanations then ensued, and Walter took an early opportunity of pleading for his unfeeling enemy, Lady Mortimer. "At your request," said Sir Herbert; "I will not treat her with the severity she has deserved. I will settle on her an annuity adequate to her wants; but never more shall she appear to the world as my wife: but for her art, and malice, I should long ere this have known and acknowledged you, my dear Walter, as the son of my unhappy, much wronged sister."

It were needless to dwell on the succeeding events, which may be already anticipated. Moresco was sacrificed to justice; and as soon as propriety would admit, Walter received the hand of his much-loved Monimia. Ardently attached to the asylum of his infancy, Walter accepted with pleasure, Sir Herbert's invitation to reside at Mortimer hall. The neglected remains of the unfortunate Adelaide, were removed from the parish church-yard, to the family burial vaults, and again interred with the respect due to a member of that noble house. The old age of Humphry was cheered by these agreeable arrangements, and by the amiable attentions of Walter, and his fair bride; nor was the village carpenter forgotten, by whose advice, and interference, Winifred had been induced to protect the orphan babe. Lady Mortimer, disgraced, and humbled, quitted the scene of her mortification, attended by the flippant Jane; who, instead of feeling satisfaction at the recent discoveries which had been made, and perceiving the

total overthrow of all her ambitious hopes, gave vent to her malice by feeding the malignity which still rankled in Lady Mortimer's bosom. Impotent as venomous, the evil recoiled upon themselves; for, neglected and despised by all, their days were lingered out in cheerless obscurity; while Walter and his amiable bride became the delight of their parents, and the most perfect pictures of conjugal felicity.

THE GOSSIPPER.

NO. VII.

HEAR, ye damsels of Damascus, the apologue of the aged Hourah, the wise dervise, whose lips are as the doors of knowledge, and whose life is holy, as the rule of conduct promulgated by Ali to Mahomet! He would teach you to be wise, and to be wise is to be happy; to abstain from unavailing regrets at the dispensations of Providence, whose government is universal, and whose dominion is Love.

Alzira was the pride of the house of Azroth, the darling of her father, the treasure of all her friends. For her gratification the finest gums of Arabia were stolen from their parent beds, and the choicest looms of Cassimere employed for her attire. Her eyes were brilliant as the sands of Golconda, her nose was Circassian, and her breath was fragrant as almonds and myrrh. The bird of Paradise was stripped for her turban, and the feathers of the red lory shone in her tiara. The youths of Cairo saluted her hand, and the damsels of Suez bowed to her superior accomplishments. Yet was she unhappy! In vain were the finest silks laid at her feet; in vain was the finest ermine tinged for her decoration, and the gifts of nature were rendered subject to her sway.

Lost to joy, and immersed in melancholy, she threw herself at the foot of a cedar: the dance of cymbals even added to,

her affliction; and with eyes bedewed with tears, she unconsciously gazed on an helianthus, whose bursting seeds nearly bore it to the earth.

" Am I for ever to accuse Mahomet of injustice?" said she. " Alas! what avails it, if all the youths of Syria bend before me in adoration, if those I admire are driven from my presence? What is to me the officious attentions of friendship, while my heart, cankered with care, pants only to return their kindness. The prophet still levels his arrows at my head, for Mirzah, the gentle Mirzah, is taken from me; and while he is absent, Alzira can know no peace. Mirzah is my love, my all. Why is it, oh Ali, that thou hast caused me to love and to be beloved only for my punishment? Why hast thou dried up the source of the most delicious of sensations? Are my days to pass away without a companion in my pleasures, or a solace in my grief? Alas, my father! the angel of death even now hovers round you, and thy poor Alzira shall become solitary as the antelope of the desart. Yes, Ali is a god of punishment, who delights in cruelty: Alzira groans in misery, while he glories in the power he enjoys to make me wretched."

Thus, in despair, the daughter of Zimri ventured to arraign the just dispensations of Providence; and presumed to judge of effects according to her weak abilities, without being able to form a proper estimate of the cause: when, on a sudden, the blue lightning flashed, thunder rent the air, and the angel Gelecet stood before her. The divinity of his features was obscured, for Gelecet, though immortal, could not perceive, without emotion, the ravages which sorrow had made on the fair face of Alzira. Assuming the office of Ali, he rebuked her with a look of pity. "Oh, Damsel!" he exclaimed, " to whom the Houri are only superior in beauty, restrain these violent accusations of Providence, lest they provoke the displeasure of that being who, in a moment, can bow you to the dust, and convey your limbs to the vultures, like a whirlwind in the desart. Take this mirror, and behold with attention those who now appear to you objects of love: regard this glass as a boon from heaven; it will enable you to see their hearts and their actions in the colouring of truth.

Aladdin, chief of the Janizaries," said the angel, " was once the object of your affection; contemplate now the instability of his friendship. The genius stamped with his foot, and Alzira beheld the form of her first love, not radiant in honour and bravery, but the symbol of a man delighting in blood. She saw him in the midst of a mosque in flames, insulting a beauteous damsel; she perceived him rending the hair of her father, a venerable Mufti; she again looked, and discovered him plundering the wretched. The mirror of Gelecet also shewed his heart: it was black with every violent passion; and she now found that an exterior of manly beauty covered a form hateful to the sight. Taking her eyes from the horrible scene, she begged the Genius to remove so disagreeable a picture. Aladdin, she recollected, was the victim of passion, and had excited her anger; "but why is the kind Solyman banished," she uttered, "from my presence? Regularity presided in his household; his slaves were well ordered; he observed the new moons and ablutions; he was neither addicted to wine nor to the use of opium; he visited the mosque of Erad, and promised on his return to sacrifice at the holy tomb of our prophet. Vice, I could swear, never entered his bosom, for his life seemed to flow in an even current." "He was a hypocrite," said Gelecet; "but take again the mirror." She saw him in the caravansera, overreaching even the merchants of Delhi: he had already sold false brilliants for real, and, with drachms of ill-gotten gold, had retired to his seat. Alzira was thunderstruck; but what were her sensations when she heard him resolve that her dear father should soon cease to deprive him of enjoying so fine a patrimony! and learnt that he had even deposited treasure in a bag, which was intended as a bribe for his destroyer. Irritated to excess, she had dashed the unoffending mirror to the earth, but the Genius interposed, until she had viewed the hearts of all those whom she conceived might have rendered her happy. Here she beheld a husband lording it over the tender female

who had doated on him; there wandered inexorable murderers; some she saw leaving their haram for strange slaves; and even her dear Mirzah, she was told, was a reviler of the great prophet.

"Oh, gracious Mahomet!" exclaimed the terrified Alzira;
"forgive the humblest of thine handmaids; where, oh where
is the wretched daughter of Zimri to look for happiness?" "In
that power which is above," said the genius; "leave thy destiny to him, who is the arbiter of thy fate; cease to dictate
to all-seeing wisdom, surrender thyself to his will, and Ali will
assist thee. Go, comfort thy aged father who bemoans thy
discontent. The angel of death is not yet commissioned to
bear him to the tomb; deport thyself, then, as becometh a
dutiful child, and leave the rest to Ali."

The vision disappeared: Alzira, composed in mind, returned to her father, whose anxiety she subdued. Sleep again visited her eye-lids, and Alzira became once more the child of content.

C.

ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED FEMALES.

NO. II.

BLANCHE OF CASTILLE.

THE conduct of this princess towards her offspring, exhibits traits of maternal tenderness, that cannot be sufficiently admired. In the pleasing duty of suckling her children, her attention was extreme. A lady of the court, having, during her illness, given nourishment to her favourite son, Louis IX. King of France, she through an impulse of affection, bordering upon jealousy, put her finger into the mouth of the young prince, and caused a return of the milk he had taken. As this action occasioned considerable surprise to the company present, she exclaimed with some warmth, "Eh quoi, pretendez-vous que je souffre qu'on m'ote le titre de mere, que je tiens de Dieu et de la nature?"

MADAME DE BOIS BERENGER.

The filial piety of this lady, during her confinement in the prison of the Luxembourg, in the year 1793, is of a nature too exemplary to be passed over in silence. Being confined with her father, mother, and a younger sister, she was continually occupied in ameliorating their condition; and even deprived herself of a portion of her sustenance, to contri-When the decree of accusation bute to their comforts. against her family was promulgated, not finding herself included in it, her affliction was excessive; but upon her own denunciation arriving, an excess of joy succeeded the paroxysms of grief. Upon the day appointed for their execution, she cut off her hair, and dressed herself as if going to a fête. In her way thither, Madame de Bois Berenger supported her mother; and with angelic sweetness, said, "Be composed, my dearest parent, nor let an emotion of regret accompany you to the tomb. You have all your family with you: to you they look up for consolation; since your virtues are about to receive the recompence they merit, in the mansions of innocence and peace."

MADAME DE SEVIGNE.

The intellectual acquirements of this lady, are well known to every admirer of French literature. "One day," says Menage, "I had hold of one of Madame de Sevigné's hands betwixt both mine. Upon her drawing it away, M. Pelletier standing by, said, 'Menage, that is the finest work, with all your talents, that ever came from your hands.'"

BLANCHE OF PADUA.

Among the numerous victims of chastity, that we read of in ancient and modern history, this lady holds a distinguished place. Her husband having been killed in the capture of Bassaro, of which he was governor; this heroine after exhibit-

ing proofs of prodigious courage in the defence of the place, fell at length into the hands of the tyrant Acciolino, by whom it was besieged. The personal attractions, and majestic deportment of the ill-fated Blanche, made such an impression on the brutal conqueror, that he attempted to force her to submit to his desires. To preserve her honour, she threw herself from a window: but the injury she sustained by no means extinguished the lawless passion of her oppressor. Having exhausted every means of surmounting her virtue, he had recourse to violence; when the indignant fair one, dissembling her design, desired, that previous to her submission, she might be permitted to behold the body of her husband. The tomb, at her request, was no sooner opened, than she threw herself into it: and by a sudden and extraordinary effort, pulled upon herself the stone which covered the sepulture, and was crushed to death. This tragical event happened in 1233.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The Spaniards, in the time of Philip II, sensible of the extraordinary talents of this august personage, and of the disgrace they incurred by the defeat of their Armada, never mentioned the name of this princess but with feelings of envy and indignation. Upon her decease, one of their most celebrated wits composed the following satirical epitaph:—

Aqui yaze Isabel,
Aqui la nueva Athalia,
Del orbe antartico harpia,
Del Mar incendio cruel:

Aqui el Ingenio, mas dino De loor que ha tenido el suelo, Si para llegar al cielo No huviera errado el camino.

Which may be thus translated:---

Here lies Elizabeth; here lies the new Athalia, the harpy of the western world, the cruel firebrand of the sea; here lies a wit, the most worthy of fame on earth, if, in her journey to heaven, she had not lest her way.

THE BANDITTI OF THE FOREST;

OR,

THE MYSTERIOUS DAGGER.

(Continued from our last Volume, page 323.)

CHAP, VII.

"One daughter only have I, no kin else
On whom I may confer what I have got.
The maid is fair,
And I have bred her to my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This villain
Attempts her love; I pray thee, good young man,
Join with me to forbid him."
SHAKESPEARE.

"THE convent bell," said Adelaide, "had just rung for vespers, when I entered the grove of poplars which leads to its holy walls, and tranquillizing my mind, as my eyes were fixed on the gleams of departing day, with a hymn to the Virgin, I was interrupted by footsteps, some of which appeared near me, while, at a distance, I saw horses fully apparelled, standing in a glen beneath my path. Unconscious of danger, I proceeded onward, when I was seized by some rude hands, who dragged me off in silence,—for fear had completely enchained my voice. I presume that I fainted through their violent conduct, for it was night ere I was awakened to a full sense of my situation. Consternation made me brave, and despair urged me at first to make the utmost resistance I was capable of. This soon proved useless: the hollow forest only

resounded my agony, my resistance was futile, my demands unanswered. I found myself fast bound to the horse, that rapidly conveyed me across the country; and, on the next morning's dawn, fearing that I might by my cries obtain succour, the villains tied a sash across my mouth, and continued to bear me over plains which seemed to have no end, till an immense forest checked the rapidity of our motion.

"I see, by your countenances, my dear friends, how much you participate in my sufferings; indeed they were too severe to describe. On the following morning my enemies seemed to think themselves secure, for they ventured to alight; they placed me on the ground, nay, they even partially unbound me, and offered me refreshments. Alas! you may easily conceive, after such conduct, that hunger had little share in my sensations: they soon ceased to proffer me what I sullenly refused. At length they were alarmed by the rustling of leaves; their pistols were cocked; men appeared between the copse. I was hurried on my horse, but not before I had seen the plume of your helmet, Albert, waving in the air. Good Heavens! what then when were my emotions! The villains allowed me to shriek but once; the bandage was replaced, and hope vanished from my sickened sight. When the wretch left his fellows to sustain the shock of your valour, he seemed to think me too precious a treasure to risk the loss Alas! I was soon aware of his cruel purpose. He did not halt with me till he arrived at my prison; there he left me to ruminate on my misfortunes. My courage was now quite exhausted; I threw myself on the ground in the greatest mental agony, and burst into tears. Fatigue, and the dreadful ideas which I imagined that my dear friends would experience by my absence, at length threw me into a severe illness. Tis true, assistance was procured me, yet some time passed in a delirium; and my first return to convalescency was greeted by the appearance of Zittau, whose proposals, too shocking for me to relate or you to hear, caused the dawning of a dreadful truth to be awakened in my soul. He had the temerity to make me an infamous proposal. On my refusing him with firmness, he left me, menacing vengeance; and,

when he told me that he had you in his power, that you should also suffer for what he termed my obstinacy, agony was too poor a name for my sufferings. Not to trifle too much with your feelings, my story shall be brief. I was now a stranger to all indulgence; bread and water was all the sustenance allowed me, and, for the last week of my existence, although I wished to die, yet something seemed to call me back to life. Ah! how well do I now recollect my falling into that sort of non-entity, that state of mere vegetation, in which you found me; and how long I fancied I was dying, when that healing power was very far from me. The last evening I remember was that when my light was expiring for want of oil. I had before this endeavoured to beguile away my time, by my musical talent, and attempted to aloud, but to no purpose. Once, indeed, I fancied I heard some one in return, but reflection readily told me it was unreal; and becoming at length too weak for such exertion, never after did I attempt it. I made an effort for the last time to trim my lamp; then threw myself on a couch, waiting for death. 'Poor emblem of myself,' I exclaimed, 'am I not, like thee, nearly exhausted? Life, 'tis true, flutters about my heart, but without comfort soon will it beat no more.' The light was nearly extinct; it burst forth in a blaze, sunk, emitted a smoke, and all was darkness. 'Thou art but gone before me,' I said, and closing my eyes as if that would expedite my death, the murdered forms of my father and you, my Albert, flitted before me. I followed you with my eyes, I stretched out my arms towards you, but you vanished; yet again you appeared, you appeared bleeding, and seemed to reproach me. What happened after I know not. Until I was delivered by you, to whom I owe my existence, all was involved in obscurity." She then offered her hand to Albert, who appeared deserving of her affection, cheeks were suffused with the liveliest tints of nature. Some little explanation now took place with regard to the singing, and other circumstances, while the countess, smiling as she did through her tears, pressed her daughter to her bosom, and felt all the luxury of a mother's love.

The following day registered those orisons in heaven which. consecrated by the holy father Ambrose, were vented in the In the maternal supplication to the father of mercies, forgiveness of enemies was not omitted. The organ's peal once more harmonized the thanksgiving of Adelaide, while the tear of gratitude stood in Albert's eye. If the dark soul of Zittau had been open to conviction, he would have confessed the power of religion, and resolved to sin no more. In the disposition which they were now, all enmity was at an end: they were considered not as enemies, but as objects of compassion; and Albert, at the suggestion of Adelaide, prepared to visit the chamber of the repentant Gudolyo. But astonishment was again raised, by finding that that part of the castle, which he was wont to occupy, was left vacant; and the attendants could obtain no account of the fugitive. Albert began to apprehend all was not right, that, his repentance being the offspring of fear, he might still suffer from his diabolical machinations; Adelaide trembled for the consequences; while the countess, sunk upon the floor, and in accents of terror, besought St. Francis to interfere for her welfare.

The appearance, however, of father Ambrose, quieted, in some measure, their alarms: he desired them not to be apprehensive for the consequences; he had heard the confession of Gudolvo in the morning, and could not conceive after receiving absolution, that he would return to profligacy. What that confession was, he could not utter; the laws of the holy church forbade it. "What he may choose to inform you of himself," said father Ambrose; "this scroll will disclose: this he put into my bands: take it, my children; 'tis yours; and may your fears be at rest: here I leave you: forgive the tardiness of age; I ought earlier to have relieved your anxieties; but, ah! the blood creeps in that current which eighty winters have frozen. Adieu! No time therefore was lost in the perusal of the manuscript, which unfolded to them the following words.

(To be continued.)

ON GAMING.

Some play for gain; to pass time others play For nothing; both do play the fool, I say. Nor time nor coin I'll lose, or idly spend: Who gets by play, proves loser in the end.

HEATH.

OF all the vices we are addicted to by nature, prone to by inclination, or subjected to from the means, custom, or fashion of the age we live in, a vicious education, bad habit, or the many other temptations that daily surround us, nothing seems so pernicious in its consequences, and so visibly tending to the destruction of soul, body, and fortune, as that almost irresisitible propensity to gaming, which is so prevalent now a-days among all ranks and orders of persons, but especially among those who stile themselves the politer part of mankind.

Not to mention the experience of all ages, and the innumerable instances which daily observation furnishes us with of whole families that have been ruined by this diabolical vice, if we give ourselves the trouble of looking into what is called high life, we shall find that most of the hours of our nobility and gentry, and all such whose fortunes render them at their own disposal, are dedicated to routs, assemblies, and other such like pernicious institutions. Strange that people whose education seems to promise, and whose rank in life certainly requires, much better things, can be so stupid and senseless as to waste whole days and nights at a card or dice table, to the almost inevitable prejudice of their health and fortunes. But so it is; and so prevalent is the itch after gaming among the great, that in order to be admitted among the beau monde, and obtain the title of a fine gentleman, or be what is called good company, it is as necessary for a man to be well versed in Hoyle as to be able to write or spell his own name.

Nor is this vice confined to the great world only, but rages with equal fury in every other station of life. If my lady is at cards in the parlour, Betty truly must likewise share her company in the hall: nor is it more common to see a statesman shaking his elbow at the Union, than to see a barber or a shoemaker playing at put in a public-house. Every country sle-house has a skittle ground, which is, at times, as much frequented by persons of inferior rank, as are my Lady Sweepstake's or my Lord Shufflepack's routs by those of distinction on a Sunday night. The only difference is, that the former are not always secure from the unfashionable virtue of some queer neighbouring justice of the peace, while the others, in defiance of all ties, human and divine, in spite of religion, morality, and common sense, go on triumphantly in breaking those very laws which they themselves helped to make. To guard the middling orders of society, particularly the female part of it, from the infatuation of a vice so baneful in its consequences to the cause of virtue, so unsuitable to a rational being, and to the great end proposed by our Creator, I cannot better close the subject than with a story which happened too lately to be forgotten, and which wants not the testimony of many persons now living to confirm it.

Eudocia (for that is the name I shall choose to give the heroine of my tale) was descended of virtuous and reputable parents, blessed with a moderate fortune, and who took care to instill into her mind the sublimest truths of religion and morality. In the dawn of life she gave early presages of a quickness of apprehension, uncommon to persons of her age: her conversation was sprightly and agreeable; her wit true and piercing; her temper gay and lively; and her person (to say nothing more of it) perfectly charming. As she grew up her good qualities seemed to increase with her years, and soon gained her many admirers.

Among the persons who paid their addresses to her was Mr. Worthy, a gentleman possessed of a large estate, but much more respected on account of his good qualities. As he wanted no requisite to make him agreeable to either sex, he soon gained her affections, and married her. Their nuptials were celebrated with a solemnity suitable to the occasion;

and soon after the newly married pair set out for Tunbridge, and from thence to Bath. Here the otherwise inestimable Eudocia betrayed too great a propensity to the amusements of the place. Whole nights she consumed at the card table; and as she was too generous to have recourse to the little arts so frequently put in practice at those places, she lost vast sums to the artifice of those she played with. With regret her husband saw this passion in her for gaming, yet paid her debts of honour with that cheerfulness, mixed with some kind remonstrances, which true love alone can inspire. In vain he wished her reformation, in vain flattered himself she would shortly see her folly. Exasperated by her ill success, she returned to the gaming table with more eagerness than ever, and lost in one night, to a certain Right Honourable, three thousand pounds more than she had about her.

As she knew not how to ask her husband for such a sum. after his late generosity, her confusion on this occasion was too visible to be concealed from the noble peer, her creditor. As he had long entertained amorous inclinations for her, he took this opportunity of letting her know, that if she would consent to the gratification of his passion, he would forgive the debt. Great was the struggle between virtue and necessity on this occasion, but the latter at length prevailing, she yielded to his desires. But the monster, not content with the triumph over her honour, waited the next day on her husband, and acquainted him with the debt. This sum (great as it was) he discharged with his wonted alacrity, in hopes still that she would one day see her error. But the unhappy Eudocia, struck with this last instance of his generosity. and sensible how much she had injured him in the tenderest. part, immediately sickened upon it, and died. Before her death she acquainted her husband with the whole affair, who was so moved at the relation, and the pathetic manner in which she delivered herself, that he likewise soon languished. and was buried in the same grave with his beloved Eudocia.

FRENCH PUNS.

To the Editor of the Lady's Museum.

SIR,

At this season of general festivity, when every one is disposed to contribute to the stock of harmless pleasure, I am induced to send you, for the entertainment of your fair readers, a few Calembourgs, or French Puns, which, while they create a laugh, will, it is presumed, give the young student some idea of the point of which that language is susceptible.

On lisoit un jour à une dame la tragédie de Bajazet, de Racine. Le l'ecteur, apres avoir nommé les personnages, dit, "La Scène est à Constantinople."—"Bah!" interrompit la Dame, je ne croyois pas que la rivière de Seine allât si loin."

On demanda à un étranger quel étoit son état? "Je vends des livres de Théologie."—" Est-ce que vous êtes libraire?"—
"Non, Je suis épicier, Je vends des livres de thé au logis."

On a dit que la France ne feroit jamais la paix avec l'Angleterre, parcequ' avec cette dernière, on ne pouvoit pas s'y fier. (pacifier.)

L'acteur Chassé ne jouissoit pas d'une bonne reputation. Un jour il se présenta aux Italiens. Un des sociétaires lui refusa la porte. "Mais," dit le premier, "je suis Chassé des Français"—" Eh bien!" reprit le dernier, en lui fermant la porte au nez, "Vous serez aussi chassé des Italiens.

Un Flamand, grand amateur de bière, comme en général tous ceux de son pays, disoit qu'il mettoit de la bière dans son corps, en attendant qu'on mit son corps dans la biere.

Les Chanoines de Chartres ayant perdu un procès contre leur évêque, par le crédit de Madame de Maintenon, l'un d'eux dit, " Comment aurions nous gagné? nous avions contre nous le Roi, la Dame, et le Valet.

Un musicien en voyant trois femmes, l'une vétue, de blanc, l'autre de noir, et la dernière boîteuse, dit, "Voilà une blanche, une noire, et une croche, qui ne valent pas un soupir."

L'Abbé des Ilets, aussi remarquable par la beauté de son ame, que par la laideur de sa figure, alloit tous les jours prendre sa tasse dans un café. Aussitôt qu'il étoit entré, la lemonadière affectoit de crier, en souriant, "Versez du café au laid" (au lait.) Un jour l'Abbé des Ilets, choqué de ce perpétuel refrein, lui dit: "Madame, vous avez de trés-bon café, mais je crois que vous n'avez guère de bon thé. (de bonté.)

Quand je te vois, ma chére Charlotte, je suis tout en! (admiration); car ta beauté est au dernier . (point). Avec autant d'agrément, ton cœur n'en est point au premier & (paragraphe), et je crois que j'ai un rival dans ce sergent qui porte sur le bras un a (chevron), qui grassave en parlant, et qui prononce ton nom, Charlotte avec une s (cedille). Ce qui me le confirme, c'est la lettre que j'ai trouvée dans ton secretaire, qui étoit signée *** (trois étoiles), et dans laquelle il n'y avoit ni . ni , (; ni point, ni virgule); en te la présentant, je te fis une? (interrogation); mais, avec la sincérité ordinaire de ton sexe, tu ne me repondis des (des points). Je t'en sis des reproches; tu pris un ' (accent grave); alors je sus obligé de t'en repondre avec un' (accent aigu). Je m'appaisai pour le moment, mais dans l'exces de ma jalousie, si jamais je rencontre ce rival, gare que je 1' (l'apostrophe), en lui plaçant sur les joues deux " (guillemets); car je suis homme á le couper comme : (deux points), attendu qu'il ne vaut pas un , (virgule). Si tu veux éviter cette esclandre, tu dois le mettre bien vite au * (renvoi), et si tu ne le fais pas, j'attends au moins de ta delicatesse, que tune le verrai plus que par () (parentheses). Alors, mon cœur confiant pour toi, sera tout - (trait d'union.) † Remarque que ma conduite est exempte de reproches, et que,

dans nos amours, ce n'est jamais moi qui ai apporté le moindre — (changement).

Should this specimen of French wit prove agreeable to you, I may possibly, on some future occasion, be inclined to resume the subject.

I am, Sir, Your very obedient Servant,

CRAMBO.

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A VINTNER AND A SHOEMAKER.

OF the following theological controversy, Howell declares himself to have been an ear witness. " A vintner and a shoemaker, over a measure of wine, fell into a violent dispute about bishops. The shoemaker grew very furious, and called them, 'The firebrands of hell, the panders of the whore of Babylon, and the instruments of the devil,—that they were of his institution, not of God's.' The vintner took him up emartly, and said, 'Hold, neighbour; do you not know, as well as I, that Titus and Timothy were bishops? that our Saviour is entitled, The bishop of souls? that the word bishop is as frequently mentioned in Scripture as the name of pastor, elder, or deacon? why then do you inveigh so bitterly against them?" The shoemaker answered, "I know the name and office to be good, but they have abused it." The vintner replied, "You are a shoemaker by your profession; imagine that you, or a hundred, or a thousand, or a hundred thousand of your trade should play the knave, and sell calf-skin leather boots for neat's leather, or commit other impositions; must we therefore go barefoot? must the gentle craft of shoemaking fall to the ground? It is the fault of the man, not of the calling!" The shoemaker was so gravelled at this, that he was put to his last, and had not a word to utter: so the vintner got the day. To how many cases will not this argument apply!

INSTANCE OF FEMALE BENEVOLENCE.

To the Editor of the Lady's Museum.

31 R.

OF all the virtues which adorn human nature, there is no one that produces such delightful reflections, nor is so pleasing in the sight of the Creator, as Charity. To cheer the afflicted, and to aid the indigent, are duties which the gratitude we should entertain for the blessings bestowed upon us by Providence, loudly calls upon us to perform; and when our bounty is extended to a fellow-creature, in the true spirit of Christian benevolence, divested of ostentation and pride, it not only excites the most lively impressions in the minds of those who are the objects of it, but reflects a lustre on wealth and affluence, beyond the power of grandeur to bestow.

I am led into this train of thought from the following instance of female liberality, which has been recently detailed to me, and which I take an early occasion to communicate, for the example of your fair readers, at this juncture, who are

blessed with the power of doing good.

Upon hearing lately of the distresses of an honest family in the neighbourhood of ----, Ortensia resolved to pay them a visit, and was directed to a mansion situate at the foot of a hill, surrounded with several enclosures of orchards, pasture grounds, and corn fields. At the entrance, leading to the door, was a sort of walk between two clipped hedges, which bounded a small kitchen-garden; near the out-buildings were some stacks of hay, neatly made up. But all around was a profound silence; no human object seemed to he near, but all a solitary stillness. She went up to the door, and, gently rapping, entered the room, where despair and sorrow were painted in the strongest colours, and on every face such an undissembled. sadness, that struck her to the very soul, and made her so deeply share in the general grief, that it was with some pain she assumed an air of ease and cheerfulness, in order tocomfort a pretty boy, who stood with his eyes fixt upon his

mother, pulling her by her apron, and crying to see her weep. Two other children, too young to take the same notice, were playing about the room: but wherever she turned her eyes all was in disorder. The poor woman was in too deep affiction to mind the management of her family; she was too much discomposed to attend to trifles. At one of the windows sat a youth, with despair in his looks, poring on a book which lay open before him, though neither his eyes nor head seemed to move, to take in the compass of a line.

Upon her entering the room, the good woman arose from her chair, and, with a modest surprise, expressed in her looks an enquiry of her business, when Ortensia took the little boy into her arms, wiped away his tears, and, kissing his rosy cheeks, told him she would wipe away his mother's too, if she were able. Then, turning to the parent, desired her to look upon her as her friend, who should think it a pleasure to serve her: but she thanked her in a manuer that shewed her hopes were at a low ebb, and too far sunk to be raised by glimmering prospects and airy visions. However, she called her husband, who approached with more firmness in his countenance, but with eyes drooping with care. He came from a back room, and related his misfortunes with that honest frankness and simplicity which always affects the mind, though uttered in the most plain and homely language. In short, his present distress proceeded from his having been, a third time, visited by a contagion which had swept away his cattle. His stock, thrice renewed, being now irretrievably lost, he said, would instantly reduce him from a state of comfort to penury and indigence; that he must be obliged immediately to sell that plentiful crop which lately occurred, to the greatest disadvantage, in order to satisfy the demands of a harsh landlord: and after that, he apprehended he should be forced to quit his present possessions, and perhaps glean the fields which he himself had before sown.

Willing to shorten his uneasiness, Ortensia asked him what sum could remove his present anxiety. As soon as he had informed her, she told him, that she thought herself very happy at having it in her power to give ease to an honest family; and at the same time emptied her purse upon the table. She now felt her heart overflow with a sympathetic extasy, arising from the transports she herself had occasioned. Thus, with a little gold that had long lain useless in her chest, she procured the happiness of a whole household, and gave herself a more exquisite pleasure than she had ever before experienced.

' Go thou, and do likewise.'

I am, Sir, Your very obedient Servant,

AMICUS-

LETTER

WRITTEN BY SIR HENRY SIDNEY (LORD DEPUTY OF IRE-LAND, IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH) TO HIS SON PHILIP, WHO WAS AFTERWARDS THE FAMOUS SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

I HAVE received two letters from you, the one in Latin, and the other in French; which I take in good part, and will you to exercise that practice of learning often, for that will stand you in most steede, in that profession of lyfe which you are born to live. And sith this is the first letter that ever I did write unto you, I will not that it be altogether empty of some advice, which my natural care of you provokes me to follow, a document to you in this your tender age.

Let your first actions be, your lifting up your mind unto Almighty God, by heavenly praying, and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer, with continual meditation, and thinking of Him to whom you pray; and use this ordinarily, and at any ordinary tyme, whereby the hours itself will put you in remembrance to do any thing which you were accustomed to do at that tyme.

Applye your studie, at such houres, as your discreete master will assign you, earnestly; and the tyme I know he will soe lymit, as shall be both sufficient for your learning, and safe

for your health. Marke the sense and matter of what you read, as well as the words; so shall you both enrich your tongue with words, and your wit with matter, and judgment will grow as years grow in you. Be humble and obedient to your master; for, unless you frame yourself to obey others, yea, and feel in yourselfe what obedience is, you shall never teach others to obey.

Be courteous of gesture, and affable to all men, with courtesy and reverence according to the dignity of the person with whom you have to doe. There is nothing that so much winneth with so little cost. Use moderate dyet, so as after your meat you may find your wit fresher and not duller, and your body more hardy, not more heavy. Seldome drink wine, and yet sometimes doe; least being forced to drink upon a suddaine, you find yourself inflamed. Use exercise of your body; yet, such as shall be without danger of your bones and joints: it will encrease your force, and enlarge breath. Delight to be cleanly, as well in your person as in your cloaths; it shall make you grateful to each company. Give yourself to be merry, for you degenerate from your father, if you find not yourselfe most able in wit and body, to doe any thing when you must be merry. But let your mouth be ever void of scurrility and biting words to any man; for a wound given by a worde is oftentimes harder to be cured than that which is given by a sword.

Be you rather an hearer than a bearer of other men's talk, than a beginner and procurer of speech; otherwise you shall be accounted to delight to hear yourselfe speak. Be modest in each assembly, and rather be rebuked, of light fellows, for maiden shamefacedness, than of one sad friend for pert boldness.

Think upon every worde you speak before you utter it, and remember how nature bath rampired up (as it were) the tongue with teeth and lips, all betokening reins and bridle to the let loose of that member. Above all things tell no untraths, no, not in trifles; the custome of it is naught; and let it not satisfy you, that the hearers for a time take it for truth; it

will be known to your shame afterwards; for there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman than to be accounted a liar. Study to endeavour yourself to be virtuously occupied, soe shall you make such a habit of well-doing in you, as you shall not know to doe ill, though you would.

Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended of by your mother's side; and think that by vertuous and by good actions, you may be an ornament to that illustrious family; but through vice and sloth you may be accounted Labes Generis; a spot of your kindred: one of the greatest curses that can happen to a man.

Well my little Philip, this is enough for me, and I fear too much for you; but if it nourish any wise the weak stomacke of capacitie, I will, as I find the same grow stronger, feede

you with stronger foode. Farewell.

Your mother and I send you our blessing, and the Lord grant you his; nourish you with his fear; guide you with his grace; and make you a good servant to your prince and country.

Your loving father,

H. SIDNEY.

CURIOUS PRAYER.

THE following prayer is said to have been used by Mr. Niel Mc. Vickers, one of the ministers of the west kirk near Edinburgh, who had been forbid by the pretender, during the troubles in 1745, to pray for his Majesty King George: viz.

"O Lord, bless the king (thou knowest I mean King George;) establish his throne in righteousness; fix the crown firm on his head. And as for this stranger that is come amongst us to seek an earthly crown; take him to thyself, and give him a crown of glory."

REMARKS ON DRESS

BURING THE REIGN OF WILLIAM III.

From the Rev. Mark Noble's continuation of Grainger.

THE fashions underwent some trifling changes in this reigh. Dryden complained that " our snippers (taylors) go over once a year into France, to bring back the newest mode, and to learn to cut and shape it.

The gentlemen wore their coats out strait before, which reached below their knee, with lace in front, and often buttoned to the bottom, without pockets on the outside, and large cuffs, laced and buttoned, but no collar.

The vest reached nearly to the knee, and was frequently fringed with gold or silver. Frogs, or tasselled button-holes, adorned them.

The culottes fitted close, and reached below the knee; the shirt was ruffled, and generally with lace; the cravat long, plain, or entirely point; the shoe square-toed, the heel high, the buckle large; boots were worn high and stiffened, and the hats were cocked, and of a moderate size. We may reasonably suppose that the gentlemen dressed in the Dutch, rather than in the French fashions; but the monarch seldom varied his dress. The greatest extravagance of that period was the peruke: this article, of French origin, now expanded to an enormous size, and Lewis XIV. wore a profusion of false hair; and even his statues were loaded with this enormity of wig. Nothing could be more absurd than that strange appearance of generals in armour, covered to the pommels of their saddles with false hair, frosted with powder. The beaus, however, were more extravagant in the use of this article, and had their coat on the shoulders and back regularly powdered, as well as their wigs. All orders, professions, and ages, wore flowing perukes; but the higher the rank, the greater the abundance of hair. Boys, who were sons of the great, were subject to

this folly as well as their fathers; and many could barely remember ever having worn their natural locks. Thus, what was originally intended, like Otho's wig, to hide baldness, and to imitate in colour the deficient hair, was now uniformly white, and, by its preposterous profusion, appeared to swell the head to a most unnatural size. If the idea was adopted from the vast curling mane of the lion, it ought to have been solely appropriated to the military; but it covered the head of the lawyer and the medical man--yet only in proportion to the dignity of each. It would have been considered the height of human insolence for the counsellor to have worn as large a wig as a judge, or an attorney as a counsellor. The clergy, at length, copied the example of their metropolitan: even the modest Tillotson became wigified, and the fashion gradually descended to the humble curate. But John Baptist Thiers, D. D. a French ecclesiastic, inflamed with holy zeal for the ecclesiastical tonsure, and with an honest love of nature, wrote an elaborate work against perukes and false hair, especially as worn by the clergy, which is entitled "Histoire de Perruques, à Paris, 1690," a duodecimo, of above five hundred pages: this was a kind of emende honorable; for it was an "exotic mode." Pope Orsini, (Benedict III.) a pious but weak man, was equally scandalised with the indecent dress of the clergy in his time, which he laboured to reform with as much zeal as the more important abuses in the Romish church. An elaborate treatise against the wearing of artificial coverings for the head, entitled "Clericus Deperrucatus, sive in Fictitiis Clericorum Comis moderni seculi ostensa et explosa vanitas;" printed at Amsterdam, and addressed to him, was expressly directed against this fashion among the clergy; but it had taken too great a hold upon them to be easily written down.

" Conticeant cuncti concreto crine comati."

Of the false glories of Lewis XIV. the wig was the most preposterous; yet so essentially necessary to this great monarch, that he was never seen without it. Before he rose from his bed, his valet gave him his forest of peruke. Shammeree was wig-maker in ordinary to the London beaux in this reign, who had for their undress the scratch, requiring neither frizzling nor buckling, but rectified instantly from any little disorder by passing the comb over it. The large flaxen perriwigs were by a wag called the silver fleece. Charles II.'s reign might be called that of black, this that of white wigs.

The ladies were their dresses long and flowing, and were then servile copyists of the French, but not so much so as they have been since. They flounced their coats; a fashion probably borrowed from Albert Durer, who represented an angel in a flounced petticoat, driving Adam and Eve from Paradise. The ruffles were long and double, and the hair much frizzled and curled. Jewels, pearls, and amber, were much worn in the hair, and ear-rings, neck-laces, bracelets, ornaments on the stomacher and on the shoulders. The ladies, following the queen's example, began to work with their needles: I have seen a great deal of Mary's; and once had a valuable necklace of her's, with other things; the neck-lace was of the finest amber, and would have been an handsome and fashionable ornament for one of my daughters' necks; but not knowing that I should have a daughter, and still less imagining it would ever be suitable to a lady of modern times, I presented it to my late worthy friend, Dr. Green, of Litchfield, with a pair of shoes of the queen's. My respected friend, the late John Scott Hylton, Esq. gave them to me, whose maiden aunt was dresser to her majesty. I suppose Mrs. Lowther, great aunt to the late Lord Lonsdale, who survived all the attendants of Queen Mary. She was of her majesty's bedchamber, and did not die until January 1757; -- and received many articles at her royal mistress's death, in lieu of her salary, besides what she had received from her majesty in her life time. There was a pair of golden fillagree sleeve buttons, small and elegant, and under the fillagree was the hair of King William. The ladies wore a head-dress more like a veil than a cap, thrown back, the sides of which hung below the bosom: from this the head-dress gradually shrunk to a caul with two lappets,

known by the name of a mob. The shoes had raised heels, square toes, were high on the instep, and worked with gold, and were always of the most costly materials. The gloves of both sexes were of white leather, worked, but not so extravagantly as in Charles the First's reign. I purchased for Dr. Green a pair of gloves of Queen Mary's or Queen Ann's, or both, with others, which had belonged to our queens regnant, or consorts. Happy, thrice happy ladies of modern days, who can go and purchase a profusion of costly toys from India in almost every street in London, the great mart of traffic, when Mary, luckless Mary, was obliged by stealth to obtain from a woman, who dealt in such forbidden articles, fans and other female paraphernalia, and yet, being discovered, though she wore a crown, was soundly rated for her extravagance or gossipping, or both, by her austere husband. Hoops did not encumber the fair sex at this time; but not to be without something more than a gentle swell, they had their commode, which set out the hinder part, and gave additional grace, it was thought, to the swimming train. If, however, we allow that there was too much exuberance of hair to the men, and rather more size behind to the ladies, than was necessary, the dress of both sexes was appropriated; the one studied manliness, the other modesty.

TRAIT OF HEROISM.

IT is pleasing to record acts of courage and expressions of magnanimity, even of a nation with which we are at enmity, as they tend to excite corresponding sentiments in the bosoms of the youth of our own country. The extreme valour of the Marquis de Beauvau, combined with his military talents, rendered him an honour to the career he had chosen. Having previously distinguished himself in various actions, he was employed at the Siege of Ypres, in Flanders, in the year 1744, where he received his mortal wound. He was at the head of the grenadiers, at the attack of the covert way, when he was struck down by a musquet ball. Some grenadiers ran immediately to his assistance. "My good friends," said he to them, "go and do your duty; I have finished mine."

ELLEN; OR, THE PARSONAGE.

Continued from our last Volume, page 351.

TO CHARLES D----, ESQ.

M---- Park.

THANK Heaven! Charles, they are gone; and I now have nothing to detain me from the only society that I enjoy. In sooth, had not some little Cupids assisted, with their silken wings, to waft along the tedious hours of this last tedious fortnight (for they staid so long) I should have retraced my steps from the realms of blissful sensation, to the regions of "morbid apathy." The fellows get worse and worse: you remember them; two of the most trivial beings who belonged to our society; judge, then, what they must now be, with exactly the same dispositions, heightened by all the foppish airs which are picked up amongst that part of the female sex who think a red coat the most attractive object in nature, and that portion of the army who think this same red coat entitles them to the admiration of the fair, and the envy of the men.—Pshaw! they surfeited me!

But how, you will say, were "the little Cupids" brought into the scene? Did you introduce your two agreeable friends to the Parsonage society? No, Charles; but I received a billet from Ellen, and, having contrived to get my two intruders to go on what they conceived a very important commission for me, to the town of F——, I stole an hour from the grasp of restraint, and offered it at the shrine of pleasure, at the Parsonage. What a billet! what an hour! You should be as well acquainted with Ellen as myself; you were the only being, previous to my acquaintance with her, who possessed a place in my heart. I am afraid though, Charles, the throne is not equally divided. As you have a right to review the

actions of your fellow regent, I have sent you the billet and the "little poetical attempt," (as she styled it) which she gave me in that charming hour. Remember, Charles, I do not expect you to admire the verses as much as I do, but let me have none of your learned criticisms upon them. I have only favoured you with a copy, as I guard the original with greater care, and think it more precious, than Petrarch did a Virgilian or Ciceronian manuscript. By the bye, this Petrarch, if he were the lover I take him to have been, would have preferred a letter from Laura to his whole library, although the latter cost him such pains to collect it.

On the Monday evening my visitors left me, and on Tuesday morning I awoke, my bosom absolutely lightened of a burthen. Nature wore one of her most lovely dresses: the sun arose amidst the carolling of birds and the odours that spring from the bosom of June. Think you that a heart at case, a heart ever open to the beauties of nature, could let me lose the sweet hour of morning amidst "enervating down?"

No; I sprang early from my bed, and sallied out.

I verily shall believe, if such another incident happen to me, that there is an instinct in the heart of man, which leads him, unknown to himself, to the object wherein his best affections are centred.

I bent my way towards the cottage of the poor fellow whose petition first gave me a knowledge of Ellen. I had conceived an idea of doing something for him, and, having last week parted with the bailiff who superintended my agricultural economy, I intended placing William Jones in his place, in order to repay him for the pain he and his family have suffered, on account of a little paltry game. I told you they were the protigées of Ellen; and their little dwelling appeared the very picture that imagination forms of the habitation of content, neatness, and industry. I paused, ere I entered, to admire it. I opened the little wicket, and was proceeding through the woodbine arched porch, when my ear was struck by the sound of a voice I knew, a voice which never breathes but to convey pleasure to its hearer. Softly lifting the latch,

I entered, and beheld-such a picture! Ellen was seated in the middle of the little room; the children had all crept round her, and, lifting their eyes to her lovely countenance, were attentively listening to her " silver tones." The youngest was seated on her knee, and, at the moment I entered, was kissing those lips from which I would have given worlds to have sipped the dewy moisture. The sweetest blush o'ercrimsoned her cheek when she saw me, and she exclaimed, with (as I flattered myself) a smile of pleasure, "Sir Henry! so early abroad?"-" For once," said I, as I advanced towards her, "I am inclined to offer my thanks to the power of chance, who has thus conducted me to a pleasure so unexpected."-"Aye! but," rejoined she, with her wonted archness, "this is the temple of innocence and content, and you must not violate it by making offerings to so fickle a deity as chance." -- "Nay," said I, "I will offer yonder rose and this honeysuckle to them conjointly, as emblematical of the purity and sweetness of the source from whence my pleasure flows: neither innocence nor content can be offended at such an offering; and chance, pleased by the unusual simplicity of the sacrifice, will again favour my wishes." I believe, Charles, it was either my eyes or my manner that told her, more forcibly than my words, the delight I felt; for her cheek mocked the rose to which I had pointed; a ray of ill-concealed pleasure beamed from her eyes, and, to avoid my piercing, enamoured glance, she bent her head to kiss the child she held on her knee. How I envied the urchin!

The cottager's wife, who had risen at my entrance, now offered me a chair; and, seating myself, I told her the purport of my visit, and desired her to send her husband (who was then from home) to me in the course of the day, that he might be placed in his situation immediately. The sensations of one's own breast, when performing a good action, are sweet; the woman poured forth her thanks in the tone of heartfelt gratitude: but what were these, when compared with the soul-fraught look which shone upon me from the eloquent eyes of Ellen?—It spoke volumes!

After I had finished, she rose to depart, saying, "Come, Sir Henry, you will breakfast at the Parsonage this morning; and I trust your appetite will not be the worse for that richest of rich repasts you have banquetted on; I mean "the luxury of doing good." I bowed to the compliment, and, putting her hand within my arm, we passed out at the door, followed by the benedictions of Martha.

The rose to which I had pointed, grew just without the door; its bosom was gemmed with dew. I plucked it from its stem, and offered it to her, exclaiming, "Thou art the tutelar saint of this little dwelling; surely thou art entitled to its sweetest productions: let me, then, however unworthy to be the priest to such a divinity, pray you to accept this humble, yet beautiful offering, and suffer it to exhale its fragrance, till it withers, as through excess of bliss, on your bosom."

Her nature seems to revolt at any thing like flattery; she blushed, and took the rose in silence. "And do you often," said I, "thus stroll forth,

"When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride, The radiant morn resumes her orient pride; When wanton gales along the vallies play, Breathe on each flower, and bear their sweets away?"

"Oh! yes," she replied, with that animation which any thing beautiful or interesting awakens; "this is one of the hours of all others I love; all is fresh, gay, and exhilarating. Mark yonder flowers, how lovely they are, thus decked in morning pearls! They are like the youth of life; but night will come, and their blossoms, parched by the meridian sun, will droop, and their charms, ere to-morrow's beams shine upon the parent stem, vanish away. Or perhaps (an emblem still of human life) some unfriendly shower, or rustic haud, may shorten even their transient career.—But," she added, shaking her head with a plaintive smile, "a truce to dull reflections; they are not suited to this scene, where all is gay, joyous, and replete with rapture.

Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,

When freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drop
From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk."

"And may not a being," said I, "equally smitten with the charms of nature, one as eager as yourself to drink of the cup of innocent and intellectual enjoyment, be permitted to join you in your rambles at this hour, when nature all is blooming and benevolent like thee?"

We had arrived at the Parsonage gardens as I uttered this. "That I cannot promise," she replied, as she tripped from me to join Mr. Conway, who appeared in a distant walk; but the smile which accompanied those words I seized upon as an assent, and have never since been absent from her morning promenades.

What a day followed this forenoon! we conversed, we sang, we read, we walked,—in short, Charles, as I told you before, until now I merely existed; now, now I live.

Adieu!

HENRY M----

SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.

TO retract from an evil design, not only shews wisdom, but that a man is master of his passions and humours; whereas, some men are so resolutely bigotted to their judgments and opinions, that if once they engage in any particular scheme, they will pursue it, however opposed by self-reproaches and inconveniences.—A person, having been at a gaming house, and lost all his money and estate, grew desperate, and determined to hang himself on the first convenient sign-post he came to. Coming to a proper place, he fixed his garters, and was preparing for execution, when, on a sudden, a merry thought came into his head, which diverted him from his purpose, and he went away, saying, "I reprieve thee from day to day, till thou diest a natural death."

REFLECTIONS ON LIFE AND MANNERS.

From the French of Count Oxenstiern.

ON COMPLAISANCE.

complainments a man into the esteem of others. It is the bond of constant friendship: for, as the Italian says, "Chi fa piacer sempre ne trova." It compels those who are naturally rude, to treat us with politeness. Every body esteems a man who is complaisant; for his society is agreeable. He is led to sympathize with those he discourses with; for which reason, his conversation is pleasing to the company he frequents. He often induces those to be grateful who are the least inclined to be so. Complaisance indicates good behaviour, and is a certain sign of good breeding. It distinguishes a man without exposing him to envy, for even the envious man seems affected by his obliging manners; in short, it is a character which never fails to gratify those with whom it associates.

It must, however, be admitted, when it exceeds the bounds of propriety, that Complaisance excites our contempt, or makes us considered as the dupes of designing men; for which reason, it ought ever to be accompanied by judgment and prudence, without which it loses all its merit, and exposes us to the derision of the world.

OF THE THINGS WHICH A WISE MAN SHOULD AVOID.

When we reflect on the course of the things of this world, one would almost say that there is some evil genius whose whole employment consists in troubling the repose and tranquillity of mankind. The greatest vexations, the most affecting tragedies, the most surprising catastrophes, the most extraordinary revolutions, often take their rise from mere trifles; insomuch that it would be doing no small service to the public, to point out what it is that produces such ter-

rible effects. Every prudent man, who wishes to save himself much uneasiness, and even mortal regret, ought to take extreme care to benefit by the misfortunes of others, and to avoid the hatred of the great. He should never expose himself to the fury of the populace; should be afraid of his own anger as much as of that of a madman; should refuse all connexion with a poor chemist, and place no confidence in a young inexperienced physician. He should mistrust a man who speaks little, a dog that barks little, the recipes of an apothecary, and the &c. of a notary. He should suspect the tears of a malicious woman, and never take back a servant whom he has discharged. He should never readily believe the oath of a tradesman, or confide in the conscience of a taylor; avoid lodging at a new inn, or entering into a dispute with a judge: -- avoid running in debt with a barber, or taking an interested person into his service; abstain from all connexion with a stranger, and from throwing away his time in coffee-houses. He should refuse a treat from an inn-keeper or a landlord; and a love affair with an unprincipled female; shun a drunken soldier, an amorous pedant, and the company of an acknowledged atheist. should be careful of giving matter for scandal to a hypocrite; avoid dining with a drunkard, or supping with a professed gamester. He should never entrust any secret to a babbler, but such as he wishes all the world should be informed of; avoid all intercourse with a disgraced courtier, with a preacher who weeps often, with an old man who has nothing, and with a young man who spends all he has. Lastly, from credit and lawsuits-libera nos Domine. This is a long list of things; but above all, these last deserve particular attention,

If you are wise, beware of the hatred of a divine, of the sword of a gentleman, and the pen of an author.

OF COMPANY.

A MAN is known by the company he keeps. Ravens take pleasure in being among carrion, and bees among flowers. There is nothing of greater consequence to young persons, of

either sex, than to get into company from which honour may be derived, and which may serve as a model for conduct and manners. Man is thus formed. He copies without thinking, the manners of those he associates with, whether they be good or bad, and the best disposition is easily corrupted by a cómmunication with the wicked. The Italian says, " Chi tocca in pece imbraltalo ne resta." He who touches pitch will soil his fingers. We should therefore avoid every thing that can sully us; treat every one with civility; but abstain from all intercourse with those who set a bad example. This advice is difficult for young persons to follow, whose lively and ardent passions, having only their gratification in view, eagerly seek the company of those who encourage them: I have known several who had given the fairest hopes of a prudent and regular conduct whilst under the guidance of their parents, who becoming their own masters, and falling into bad hands, have in emulation of their associates degenerated into all sorts of vice, and at last experienced a miserable end.

ON THE COFFEE TREE.

To the Editor of the Lady's Museum.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH the produce of this plant is becoming daily into general use, prejudices still exist in the minds of many persons against its consumption: I therefore conceive that a few observations upon the character and culture of the Coffee Tree, its introduction into Europe, and its nutritious qualities, as an article of diet, will not prove unacceptable to the readers of your interesting miscellany.

The coffee tree, a native of Arabia Felix and of Æthiopia, grows erect, with a single stem, is but low, (from eight to twelve feet high) has long, undivided, slender branches, bending downwards. These are furnished with evergreen opposite leaves, not unlike those of the bay tree, and adorned with white Jasmine flowers, sitting on short foot-stalks, which are

succeeded by red berries, like those of the cherry, having a pale, insipid, glutinous pulp, containing two hard seeds, convex on the one side, and flat on the other, which are covered with a cartilaginous membrane or parchment.

The coffee tree in Arabia Felix is raised from seed, which the natives sow in nurseries, and plant them out as they have occasion. They chuse for their plantations a moist, shady situation, and on a small eminence, or at the foot of the mountains; and take great care to conduct from the mountains little rills of water, in small gutters or channels, to the roots of the trees; for it is absolutely necessary they should be constantly watered, in order to produce and ripen the fruit. For this purpose, when they remove or transplant the tree, they make a trench of three feet wide, and five feet deep, which they line and cover with stones, that the water may the more readily sink deep into the earth, with which the trench is filled, in order to preserve the moisture from evaporating. When they observe that there is a good deal of fruit upon the tree, and that it is nearly ripe, they turn off the water from the roots, to lessen that succulency in the fruit, which too much moisture would occasion.

In places much exposed to the south, they plant the coffee trees in regular lines, sheltered by a kind of poplar tree, which extends its branches on every side to a great distance, and affords a very thick shade. Without such precaution, they suppose the excessive heat of the sun would parch and dry the blossoms so, that they would not be succeeded by any fruit.

In situations not so much exposed to the sun, this defence is not necessary. When they perceive the fruit come to maturity, they spread cloths under the trees, which they shake, and the ripe fruit readily drops: they afterwards spread the berries upon mats, and expose them to the sun, until they are perfectly dry. After which, they break the husk with large heavy rollers, made either of wood or stone. When the coffee is thus cleared of its husk, it is again dried in the sun. It is then winnowed with a large fan: for if it is not well cleaned and dried, it sells for a much lower price.

(To be continued.)

REVIEW of FEMALE LITERATURE.

Letters of Anna Seward, written between the years 1784 and 1807. In six volumes. Longman and Co. 1811.

THE productions of this lady have been long known to the literary world, and have gained her considerable reputation. We are therefore not surprised at her expressing a desire, that her epistolary correspondence should be committed to the press. In many instances, this may be considered an unpardonable vanity; but the mind of Miss Seward was so cultivated, and her taste so improved, that the collection of letters which she has here prepared for the public, has every claim upon our indulgence. Although vain of her talents, and at times arrogant in the display of them, she possessed a fund of good sense, and disclosed such acquisitions, as tend to prove that the female mind is susceptible of great attainments, with proper cultivation. The letters before us, though written with much care, are not exempt from defects; but the little specks and blemishes discoverable by the critic, are lost in the information and entertainment they convey. They will be found to embrace a large field: religion, morals, politics, music, poetic, and prose composition, criticism and the drama. But the general complexion of the letters is literary.

Simple Pleasures, designed for Young Persons above Twelve Years of Age, by Miss Venning, pp. 198. Harris.

THESE instructive dialogues are prettily introduced by the history of Mr. and Mrs. L——, who study to educate their children in benevolent principles, and to impart to them useful knowledge. Botany, chemistry, music, &c. serve to vary their amusements. We have great pleasure in recommending this interesting little narrative to the attention of young persons, who would wish to blend amusement with instruction.

Thinks I to myself. A serio-ludicro, Tragico-comico Tale. Written by Thinks I to myself who? Third Edition, with additions, 2 Vols. 12mo. 10s. 6d. Sherwood and Co. 1811.

ALTHOUGH this comic performance has deservedly acquired great celebrity, it presents inequalities that deduct from its general merit. The first volume contains much good humoured satire, and an easy turn in the dialogue, which brings all the personages as in a mirror before us. In this new edition the incidents are much improved. Clodpole's distress at the ball is admirably described, and the breakfast scene with his tutor, is no less excellent. There seems, however, an inconsistency in the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Dermont: in the first part they are represented as governed by worldly considerations and influenced by prevailing manners, and in the second are held up as models of conjugal affection, wisdom, and piety. The point and originality so conspicuous in the first volume, are not supported in the second, with equal effect.

The Mourtray Family, a Novel, by Mrs. Hervey. 4 vols. London, Faulder, 1810.

The novel before us presents but few claims to public patronage. It is of a nature neither remarkable for excellencies nor defects. In the delineation of her characters, Mrs. Hervey has evinced some knowledge of human life; but in the construction of her fable there is nothing new. The incidents are such as occur in ordinary and fashionable society, and are told in a pleasing manner; but the entertainment to be derived from the perusal of the "Mourtray Family," is of no extraordinary kind. The descriptions are common-place; a ruined castle—unfrequented chambers—noises at midnight, &c. &c. It is however but justice to say, that the performance of Mrs. Hervey unfolds some interesting passages, and that the moral of her production is unexceptionable, namely, "that on the proper regulation of the passions, the fate of mortals depends."

THE DRAMA.

COVENT-GARDEN.

THE performances at this theatre have been such, as display the judgment and liberality of the manager.

Dec. 7 .- Macklin's comedy of the Man of the World was represented, for the purpose of introducing to a London audience a gentleman of the name of Grant, in the character of Sir Pertinax. Since Mr. Cooke's emigration, no actor has appeared, capable of sustaining the principal parts of that extraordinary performer. This gentleman, however, evinced a perfectly true conception of his author, and the portraiture of the character, always correct, was at times felicitous. Mr. Grant seems to be about the middle age; his figure is rather tall, his voice powerful and sonorous, and his countenance susceptible of great force and variety of expres-With these qualifications, we entertain no doubt that he will prove an acquisition to the regular drama, and be an ornament to that theatre on which he has made so successful a debût.

Dec. 11.—Mr. Huntley made his second appearance at Covent-Garden in the character of Wilford, in the Iron Chest. His performance, generally speaking, was highly respectable, though at times disfigured by unnatural starts. Independent of this defect, he played the part with considerable feeling; and, in the scene in which he listens to the narrative of Sir Edward, Mr. Huntley obtained great and deserved applause. Mr. Young sustained the character of Sir Edward Mortimer with his accustomed ability.

Dec. 16.—Coriolanus was revived at this theatre, in a style of unprecedented splendour, and met with great applause. The part which gives name to the play was sustained by Mr. Kemble, with his usual excellence. The dignified manner in which he opposes himself to the infuriated rabble, when on their way to the capitol, was finely appropriate, and well de-

served the plaudits it received. In the fifth act he was also very great. His deportment, throughout the interview with the Roman ladies, was entitled to every praise the audience could bestow. The character of Volumnia, in the hands of Mrs. Siddons, received all the importance and interest of which it is susceptible. She looked the part extremely well, and gave it throughout in a rich and noble colouring, worthy of herself. The other characters were respectably filled.

PROLOGUE,

Intended for the first dramatic production of a young author.

BY J. M. LACEY,

Author of "The Farm-House," and other Poems.

ONCE on a time,'-so ancient tales begin, And to commence so now can be no sin ;-Once on a time, a time now long gone by: Ere Britain's navy rose in pow'r so high; When navigation's laws were little known, And commerce dawn'd with ray that feebly shone ;-A merchant, and a British merchant too, To honesty and honour ever true, Freighted a vessel to a distant shore, With richest produce of his varied store; He ne'er had ventur'd such a freight before! Anxiety he felt when morning rose, Anxiety was his at evening's close; His vessel's danger fill'd each waking thought, And mark'd each dream with which his sleep was fraught. When howling storms around his dwelling roar'd, When thunders roll'd, and rains in torrents pour'd; Then to his tortur'd mind, o'erwhelm'd with gloom, His vessel seem'd to sink in Neptune's tomb; Some treach'rous rock had pierc'd its yielding side, And screams of death resounded o'er the tide! Whilst if the day rose eminently fair, And nature gave no reason for despair;

If summer reign'd with soften'd airs serene,
And brighten'd hours enliven'd ev'ry scene;
He still, as fearful fancy led the way,
Saw pirates seize, and bear his ship away.
At length, as time on tardy wing flew by,
The ship return'd to soothe his bosom's sigh;
And brought him wealth from Asia's golden shore,
To add new lustre to his glowing store.

Such is the bard who ventures here to night;
He, trembling man, is just in such a plight;
His ship, the drama; you, the winds and shoals,—
No pirates can have place 'mongst gen'rous souls;
The mighty blast begins its curse on high*,
Below here +, gentler gales are sure to fly,
Whilst in the centre + breathes the zephyr's sigh!
Blow not too hard, then, on his fragile bark,
But foster genius in its earliest spark;
A puff will suit him best, he needs no more
To waft him on to favour's golden shore:
Then join all hands, to help in such a cause,
His ship must sink without your warm applause!

Cabinet of Fashion.

WITH ELEGANTLY COLOURED PLATES.

Fig. 1.—A plain muslin dress, made high, to fit the bosom, with a plaited ruff; the front of the dress confined with coral clasps; earrings and neck-lace to correspond. Hungarian mantle, with double capes, trimmed with white swansdown, and fixed at the throat with cord and tassels. A small eastern turban, the same colour as the mantle, with white feathers; buff gloves and shoes.

Fig. 2.—A riding dress of fine Georgian cloth, of a green colour, ornamented with frogs militaire in front, and finished at the pocketholes with the same. Hat of green velvet, trimmed with white fur. Buff boots and gloves.

^{*} The galleries.

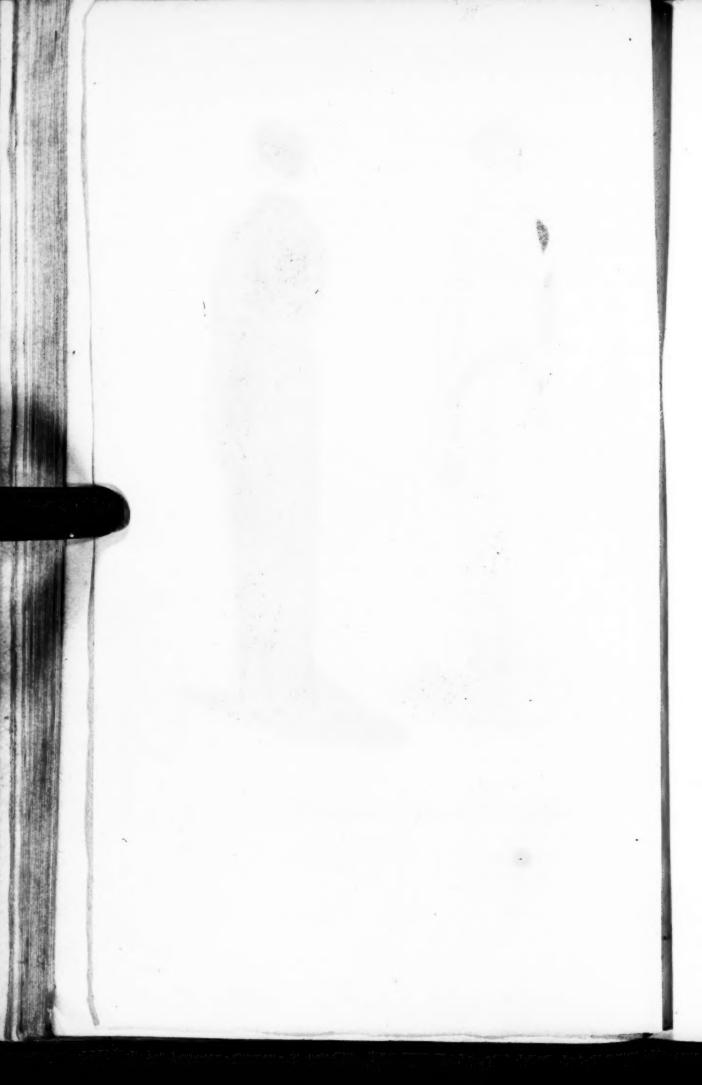
⁺ The pit.



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London Drefses for Tanuary

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THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

REFLECTIONS

SUGGESTED DURING AN EVENING'S WALK.

The sunbeams languish in the purple west;
The distant summits, feebly gilded o'er,
Warn the tir'd lab'rer to his couch of rest:
Along the vale, while flits the cooling breeze,
Their evening track his homeward steps renew,
To where, embower'd amid the tufted trees,
His straw-thatch'd cottage rises on the view—
The glad repast, the slumber void of care,
And peace, and social love, shall throng to meet him there!

Yet still luxuriant breathe the rich perfumes,
In fragrant wildness from the meads upborne,—
Ere the moist flow'rs have hid their latest blooms,
And shut their leaves to waken with the morn;
And ah! how sweetly on the gales around,—
Yon tangled thicket's echoing shades among,—
The distant blackbird pours, with mellow sound,
The dulcet warbles of his farewell song:—
Creation smiles with joy, and seems to raise
One tributary hymn, one universal praise!

Now faint and fainter, from the village green,
The rural murmurs gently steal away,
A deep'ning grandeur wraps the sylvan scene,
And pensive silence lulls the dying day;

The drowsy flocks are gath'ring to the fold,

The whistling ploughboy to his shed retires,

Approaching twilight veils the setting gold,

And glimm'ring stars emerge their lambent fires:

Wide o'er the plains soft gliding shadows creep,

Smoothed is the brow of toil, and nature sinks to sleep.

Hail, placid hour! when Meditation flies

From scenes of folly, and the haunts of men,
To trace the wonders of the glitt'ring skies,
Or muse unheeded in the darksome glen—
Anxious alike the busy world to leave,
With her I haste to share thy blest controul;
And smitten with thy charms, delightful Eve!
To lure those tranquil raptures to my soul
Which stole upon my breast in earlier years,
When flattering hope beguil'd, and laugh'd away my tears.

Though fled, and past recall, those blissful days,
"Tis thine, oh Memory! of power supreme,
With secret magic influence to raise
The noonday rev'rie, and the midnight dream:
And oft, in mute submission to thy will,
My airy footsteps roam the walks between,
Where nodding Beechgrove tops the verdant hill,
And frowns majestic o'er the woodland scene—
There wand'ring, first the sportive muse I woo'd,
Amid the leafy bow'rs of sylvan solitude!

And dear rememb'rance pictures oft again
The shady coverts and the lone retreats,
Where virtuous Bathurst rules the wide domain,
And lavish nature flings her choicest sweets.
Delightful haunts! in mem'ry ever fair
Ye blossom still, and with your loveliest dress,
Such as when free from ev'ry busy care,
I've plung'd amid your darksome wilderness;
And oft my ramble check'd, awhile to trace,
Your rustling foliage wave, in summer's parting grace!

Ah! well might Fancy weave her chaplets then,
And lull with fairy hopes that joyous smil'd,
Nor reason whisper, as they told of men,
The painted Eden was a thorny wild:
And well might simple strains attune my tongue
Where ev'ry charm the kindling bosom fir'd;
Approving beauty listen'd as I sung,
And friendship cherish'd what the muse inspir'd——
But time, unpitying, with funereal knell
Dissolv'd the blissful trance, and burst the golden spell.

Yet why should mem'ry weep that, frowning, Truth,
So early chac'd the mock'ries of delight,
'The idle dreams that flush'd the cheek of youth,
And glitter'd baneful on the dazzled sight?
She hath not murder'd hope, though distant far
And trembling at her voice, with drooping plume
Gay fancy flies; nor quench'd that better star
Whose radiant orb can cheer the wintry gloom—
Where sacred virtue rears her hallow'd nest,
'There peace shall linger still, companion of the breast!

Hope yet survives; and ah! though faded now
The gilded Paradise of other years,
Oft blazing beauteous o'er her saddest brow
Triumphant lustre sparkles through her tears—
Must ev'ry vision perish that would plan
Terrestial bliss—no refuge here be giv'n
To shield the lovely visitant of man?—
Then, lo! on seraph wing she mounts to heav'n!
Rave, rave ye fiends of sorrow, and despair,
Thy madd'ning vengeance hurl—ye cannot wound her there!

OSCAR.

LOVE AND HYMEN.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

STUDY, dear girl, to keep the heart Your beauty may ensnare; Conquest is but the smallest part; To fix, should be your care.

Neglect soon rusts the chains of love, Attention keeps them bright; And mental charms more lasting prove Than those which please the sight.

Trust not to fashion, form, or face, Your empire to maintain, Time will too soon their power displace, And make such triumph vain.

But sense and virtue reign supreme, And fix the roving mind; For, trust me, Hymen's eyes are keen, Though Love is painted blind.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

A BALLAD.

WHAT form is that, of haggard mien, Who loves to wander forth, unseen; What time unreal shapes pervade The dreary wild, the cheerless glade? 'Tis Edward, once the brightest youth, Who science sought or honoured truth.

Awhile in academic bowers,
In pleasure winged the rosy hours;
And genius opened on his sight
Unnumbered prospects of delight;
When chill neglect his pow'rs deprest,
And fill'd with grief his ardent breast.

Still Love, he cried, my soul shall charm, And Friendship ev'ry ill disarm; Away, alas! each vision flew, His friend prov'd false, his fair untrue: With Disappointment rack'd and pain, The fury passions seiz'd his brain.

The scene of fancied rapture o'er,
And lost to all that charm'd before,—
In tatter'd garb, his bosom bare,
He stalks, the victim of despair;
In musings sad bewails his doom,
And sinks, a maniac, to the tomb.

EDWIN.

TO ANGELA.

THE pine that decks the mountains' brow, Oft sorely feels the raging storm; While the frail flower that blooms below, Unhurt, with fragrance scents the lawn.

Alike, in towers of pomp and pride, The wealthy feel the shaft of fate, While those who in the cot reside, Enjoy in peace, their lowly state.

Then, dearest, cease one pang to prove At the few joys assigned to me; But give me all thy truth and love, And I have worlds, possessing Thee.

EDWIN.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.

WITH zeal we run the race of life,
'Mid toil and bustle, noise and strife,
When oft, alas! in full career,
Death stops us short, and lays us here.

Thus through the sea the vessel glides, Urged by brisk gales and rapid tides, When hidden rocks arrest its flight, And 'whelm the bark in endless night.

MARY.

COLD blows the wind, the rain beats fast On Mary's faded form, But she, though piercing is the blast, Feels not the raging storm.

Sorrowing, you yew tree's shade beneath,
She bends her feeble frame,
And contemplates the power of death,
And calls on Edward's name.

But, ah! no more, with fond delight, His charms shall meet her eye, For there, involv'd in endless night, His sacred reliques lie.

Borne to the mansion of the blest,—
As toll'd his hapless knell,
The joys of life forsook her breast,
To peace she bade farewell!

To reason lost, (though tempests rave,)
Each night she owns her pain;
With tears bedews her lover's grave,
Yet weeps, alas! in vain.

INTELLECTUAL ENTERTAINMENT.

A RIDDLE.

DINNER.

The divine part of Man.

,

A lean Wife.

A Blockhead hashed.

A Thing of no consequence.

The ornamental part of the Head.

The first Temptation, and a gust of wind.

An unruly Member.

The Grand Dominions.

DESERT.

A Dutch Prince serene.

Musical Instruments.

The Drink of the Gods, and the outside Skin,

A domestic Fowl, and the Produce of the Hedges.

To fret, and Eve's temptation.

One of the Signs of the Zodiac.

A Tailor's Plunder.

Running Streams.

Married Folks.

	WINES, &c.	
	Counterfeit Agony.	
A Sailor's Desire.	An Island in the Atlantic Ocean.	A Soldier's Habitation.
<	A Small Tree.	•
A Province in France.	A Town in Portugal.	
		A high Hill
	Merry Andrew.	F

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have to apologize to our readers for the errors in our last number, which occurred by the unavoidable absence of the Editor.

The future favours of Mr. Lacey will be esteemed.

The sonnet of Agnes to Oscar shall appear in our next; but we must abstain from inserting such complimentary pieces in future, as such productions are only interesting to themselves.

The poems of L. M. are received, and will be attended to; his effusions, however, would be more acceptable if of a more general nature.

Mr. S. translation of a "French Air" on Indifference, requires revision.

Reuben, Alphonso, and various other articles, are under consideration.

The Editor, anxious to conciliate the irritability of "Argus," excited by his predecessor, assures him, that should he be inclined to make the Museum the repository of his well written essays, they shall be correctly printed.

The contributions of Edwin will meet with due attention.





Engraved by Hopwood from a Painting by J.C.

M. Beale.

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